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# Unzipping Angels

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## Carter Revard

### UNZIPPING ANGELS

*[Words are the Daughters of Men; Things are the Sons of  
Heaven.—Samuel Johnson]*

*[When Adam asked Raphael about it, he answered  
    . . . with a smile that glowed  
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,  
"Let it suffice thee that thou know'st  
Us happy, and without love no happiness.  
Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,  
Total they mix, union of pure with pure  
Desiring; nor restrained conveyance need  
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul."  
    —Paradise Lost 8.618-29]*

Angels don't look  
    through human eyes—  
    they see  
us all at once, voyaging timeless and  
    capsuled in dream they taste  
    on the baby's lips the  
    dying President's blood;  
their Möbius strip of synæsthesia pulls  
    up sticky from the tomb of THERE  
the phoenix-nest of HERE, and from their gummy  
    fragments recongregates those glorious  
    sunsets of 1883 into the surf-  
fringed mountain peak of Krakatoa even  
while watching this universe start up and  
    end like a beating heart. And yet—  
    and yet—  
CAN they know people,  
know TIME as we do, bear  
    our mortal awareness,

our carnal knowledge? When,  
 for instance, the Sons of God looked  
 upon the Daughters of Men  
 and found them fair,  
 how far into such deep  
 blue eyes could they  
 descend? Was it  
 at first like  
 leaving behind the curving arms  
 of a galaxy for  
 one blue star expanding heartwise into  
 the white-marbled swirl of weather,  
 then down, down into bronze, into  
 bluegreen ocean and desert, only  
 to land in a  
 parking lot, empty, with  
 shopping carts  
 winging in gusts of wind  
 on a closed Sabbath?  
 Or was it deep-illusioning,  
 like moth-wings touching  
 her eyelids, the irised curtains open and  
 they taste  
 their mintlike minds,  
 papaya senses,  
 feelings like milk and  
 honey, hot wholewheat  
*caritas?* What being burns through both as  
 star-myriads enter turning  
 the skin of space away in  
 flares of shining  
 ungraves, her hips  
 rising weightless poised as  
 in 3-D sliding above  
 white crinkle of Everest,  
 deep  
 blue

shimmer of being in  
time growing small,  
blue point in darkness dropping  
on a dark cry into  
unself where they move,  
on starry rapids riding down  
deep swells like dolphins through  
white foam and all  
of time a graceful curving as  
of dolphins in the deep  
surges of dancing gently upon  
the pointless point of  
their heavenly joy.

## A SUN DANCE STORY

For Indians, Water Boy's  
a good and honored job, being chosen  
to serve the singers and the dancers  
at any powwow means this person  
is someone learning, being taught  
by bringing water how we are—mostly  
it's younger people who do this, that's  
why Cousin Buck's story means  
even more to us, the man  
who gave him water wasn't young.  
He was hitchhiking there in Kansas—going up  
from Oklahoma to South Dakota,  
his car broke down, less  
than halfway from White Eagle  
to the Sun Dance at Crow Dog's Paradise he  
was out there in a parched July day on  
a Kansas back road where  
the meadowlarks were panting more  
than singing where they perched  
on the humming